Some one says—I think it is Keats, in a letter—that the poet lives not in one, but in a thousand worlds, and the actor has not one, but a hundred nattires. What was the real Henry Irving ? I used to speculate!

His religious upbringing always left its mark on him, though no one could be more " raffish " and mischievous than he when entertaining friends at supper in the Beef-steak-room, or chaffing his valued adjutants$_3$ Brain Stoker and Loveday. H. J. Loveday, our dear stage manager, was, I think, as absolutely devoted to Henry as any one except his fox-terrier, Fussy. Loveday's loyalty made him agree with everything that Henry said, however pre-posterous, and didn't Henry trade on it sometimes !

Once while he was talking to me, when he was making-tip, he absently took a white lily out of a bowl on the table and began to stripe and dot the petals with the stick of grease-paint in his hand. He pulled off one or two of the petals, and held it out to me.

"Pretty flower, isn't it?"

" Oh, don't be ridiculous, Henry! " I said.

" You wait! " lie said mischievously. " We'll show it to Loveday."

Loveday was sent for on some business connected with the evening's performance. Henry held out the flower obtrusively, but Loveday wouldn't notice it.

" Pretty, isn't it ? " said Henry carelessly.

" Very," said Loveday. " I always like those lilies. A friend of mine has his garden full of them, and he says they're not so difficult to grow if only you give 'em enough water."

Henry's delight at having "taken in" Loveday was

childish. But sometimes I thiak Loveday must have seen through these innocent jokes, only he wouldn't have spoiled " tin* (Vuv'nor's " bit of fun for the world.